Do You Ache For Him?

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Do You Ache For Him?

by CheekysMagic

Summary

“Tell me how I satisfy you Hannibal, how I feed your hunger”

His voice was nothing more than a hushed whisper, the potency of it allowing Hannibal’s eyes to fall shut as he breathed Will in and their noses touched, Hannibal running his face along Will’s.

“My hunger is nothing short of my love for you William. It grows stronger every day, only to be sated by your presence. You nourish me, feed me."

Notes

I totally didn't end up getting teary while I was writing this, but honestly this is very poetic and angsty and romantic and I just want to curl up in a ball and cry because this ship will be the end of me.

I hope you enjoy reading it just as much as I enjoyed writing it!

The bed creaked and Will's eyes snapped open, a smile appearing on his face as what was once his view of the ceiling became Hannibal Lecter's face.

"I thought you were asleep" Hannibal muttered, his head tipping downward so that their lips met, Will allowing it as they kissed tenderly, breathing each other in before their faces moved apart again.

The younger man huffed a laugh, his hand reaching up to cup Hannibal's face while his thumb stroked along his cheek, feeling the stubble that was threatening to peak from a freshly shaved face.

"I have a knack for not sleeping unless there's someone in bed beside me"

This time it was Hannibal's turn to laugh, the corners of his lips curling into a smile as he moved to kiss him again. Will tilted his head, allowing the kiss to press at his cheek instead much to Hannibal's disapproval as he heard him whine in protest.

"Technically you have someone in bed with you, therefore you should be asleep" Hannibal mentioned, his expression smug as he had to mention the obvious. Will moved his hand away from his lover's face and slipped it under the sheets to rest it on his stomach, his eyes slipping shut as he smiled.

"Is she awake?"

Will's eyes flickered open again and made contact with Hannibal's, staring straight into them as his smile evolved into a grin. "Yes, she's kicking. Do you want to feel?"

As if he even needed to ask, he knew for a fact Hannibal took any opportunity he could to feel the life growing inside his husband moving. It was both a humbling and strange perk of Hannibal that Will didn't know whether or not to appreciate.

Will adjusted himself so he was sat up on the pillows behind him, not that he was very successful as his weight restricted his movement. Hannibal pulled the sheets down from off his body, exposing the large bump that was currently being covered by a black jumper, the material stretched over thinly.

His fingers made delicate work of pushing the jumper up over his stomach, exposing more and more of the pale silkiness of Will's skin the more he pushed the jumper back. Will looked up at his face, seeing Hannibal's tongue poke out between his lips.

Hannibal laid himself beside Will, propping his head up with his hand while the other rested itself flat upon the dome of Will's belly. He was nowhere near where their child was kicking, frustrating the younger man.

It wasn't until he watched his fingers dance across the taut skin of his stomach, did he see what he wanted to touch.

The fingers ran a line across the raised skin of Will's scar, the scar itself sensitive from being pulled so tightly around the skin trying to accommodate their child. Will's eyes fell shut, a shaky sigh escaping him.

"Why?" He managed, swallowing around nothing as his mouth felt drier than normal.

Hannibal's hand paused before it rested flat and warm against his stomach again. "A juxtaposition. Two very different things sharing the same space. I find it very beautiful, to see you scarred by me and yet, carry my child. It's almost romantic"

Will licked his lips, pulling them into a thin line before they opened into a grin that bared his teeth, a huffed laugh escaping him.

"I see it as more of an oxymoron. A contradiction of two elements, the scar is symbolic of death while the child is symbolic of life. It should be sickening Hannibal, but I don't find myself sickened by it"

"And why is that?" Hannibal asked, voice genuinely curious as he ran circles over the protuberance of his stomach and urged their child to start kicking against his palm, gentle prods that had a smile appearing on the older man's face.

"Our relationship is an oxymoron Hannibal. Together we are so different and yet we are also the same. If I was to suddenly begin to object everything else that clashes, what kind of hypocrite would I be? I both love and hate this scar but I know why you did it and if anything Hannibal. You gutting me, allowed me my rebirth"

Their lips met as Will finished his sentence, Hannibal obviously touched by his words. The kiss went on for a while, tender but passionate pecks that had Will curious about Hannibal's hunger for him as it was reflected in the way he touched him.

He pulled away and lay his hand flat against Hannibal's cheek, his blue eyes looking intently into his lover's. "Tell me how I satisfy you Hannibal, how I feed your hunger"

His voice was nothing more than a hushed whisper, the potency of it allowing Hannibal's eyes to fall shut as he breathed Will in and their noses touched, Hannibal running his face along Will's.

"My hunger is nothing short of my love for you William. It grows stronger every day, only to be sated by your presence. You nourish me, feed me. Your voice.." His thumb stroked along Will's lip, the pressure gentle.

"Your touch.." His hand cupped his jaw, fingers slipping along his stubble to then hold the back of his head, combing through the thick of his curls. "..your being, is what keeps me nourished Will" He kissed his forehead, inhaling him shakily that had shivers coursing through the younger man.

"Do I nourish you more, now with the knowledge that it's your child that I carry inside me?" Will breathed, his voice husky and deep as their eyes met again after being closed for so long. He saw the way Hannibal swallow, how his body physically tensed.

Hannibal's lips moved again, accent having noticeably thickened as he spoke. "Not only the fact it's my child Will, but the fact that it is yours as well. Our DNA, having been interlinked to create life. It's agonisingly beautiful to me"

Will kissed him, the touch chaste but enough to satisfy his want for the man above him. Hannibal moved downward, a line of kisses pressed down his torso before they met with the swell of his stomach.

He watched him drag his face across it, his soft hair tickling his skin as he almost seemingly embraced his bump. Hannibal was worshiping him, worshiping him for the life he was going to provide for him.

Will could feel a lump building in his throat, tears forming in his eyes. He never in his life thought he could be worshipped like this, be thanked for providing something he never thought he would give.

When he had thought his upset had gone unnoticed, he felt Hannibal wipe away the tears that had pooled at the corners of his eyes. Hannibal was above him again and he too was crying, there was just something so passionately beautiful about this moment and it made Will ache at the thought of it.

"Tell me Will, describe to me how you feel. How you feel to acknowledge you're in love"

His breath hitched and his chest went still, the sheer potency of Hannibal's voice being enough to draw more tears out of him. His child felt his emotions, kicked against him and his hand rested over the spot to soothe her.

"The sensation is agony" Will started, his tongue running over his lower lip as he tried to stabilise himself from not breaking down in front of Hannibal. "It hurts, like a stab wound that refuses to heal in my chest. Like a puncture in my lungs that makes it difficult to breathe"

Hannibal nodded his head, his eyes staring intently at him the entire time.

"It feels like my body has been set alight, burning with promise and the knowledge that I have someone in my life. Someone who occupies my every thought, not an infatuation but something much more"

He could feel Hannibal against the pulse on his neck, his lips and teeth making short work of marking him. Hannibal always did this in their times of intimacy, a dominant act to claim him and to anyone who saw the marks, to express that Will belonged to no one but him.

"Do you love me Will?"

"Desperately" Will was quick to breathe, his eyes staring wondrously at the ceiling as Hannibal reached into his boxers, pulled him out half-hard and began to tug at him.

"How does that feel? Acknowledging you're in love with me?" Hannibal murmured softly against his throat, the vibrations causing Will to uncontrollably shake as his eyes continued to

stare at the ceiling.

His throat bobbed at he swallowed, eliciting Hannibal to react and nip at the bulge of his Adam's apple. Will's heart quickened in pace, his child aware as they punched against his palm but Will was too distracted to pay attention to their protests.

"It feels like I'm falling, falling so fast and yet there's nowhere for me to land. An endless plain of cliff that goes on and on where I know the journey shall never end until death itself smites me. It's comforting though, the idea that I can fall and feel the adrenaline rush through me without the fear of where I will land"

Will finally turned to Hannibal, their faces millimetres apart as they shared the same air from the breath that mingled between them. "My love for you both comforts and frightens me, Hannibal Lecter"

They kissed and the older man quickened his pace around his cock, Will's moan soft as he breathed into Hannibal's mouth and Hannibal ate it up like it was an exquisite feast.

Will's shaking hands reached into his lover's pants, it was almost effortless the way that he pulled him out and reflected the motion of Hannibal's hand as it moved up and down in a rhythmic pattern.

"Make love to me Hannibal. Please, let me feel you inside me.."

It took no other beg from Will's lips before Hannibal's fingers were inside him. Will's head tipped back, his breath heavy as his hips moved in pace to the digits that delicately fucked and opened him.

"Hannibal.." His words were swallowed by said man as he felt his lips on his again, kissing away his moans as his fingers went deeper. They scraped against places that had sparks going off before Will's vision, the edges blurring to create a surreal display that had Will feeling delirious.

His cock replaced his fingers not long after, slotting them both together as if they were made for each other. Will's eyes fluttered shut and tears trickled from closed lids, down his cheeks as Hannibal moved inside him.

"Why are you crying?" Hannibal asked gently, wiping his eyes as he looked down at his husband with a tenderness that only made Will cry harder. "You worship me, you treat me like a delicacy that you know you can never eat because if you did, it would only spoil your appetite because.. Because nothing else would taste as good"

Will's breath was taken away as they kissed passionately, the younger man knew for a fact that what he had said must have been true.

They rocked against each other, slow and tender thrusts that had both men quietly gasping and moaning until their climaxes came at an easy and stretched out pace. For Will, it throbbed like a heartbeat in his ears. His whole body lost and then found again in reality as his vision split into colour and then into black and white.

It was an orgasm that lasted for what felt like years.

Hannibal collapsed beside him and Will tilted his head so that they could kiss, desperate and hungry as if they'd been starved of one another. Their eyes opened and they stared at one another, smiling at each other.

"Aš tave myliu Will.."

Will kissed him again, resting his forehead against his husband's and wishing that this night would never end. His exhaustion ebbed however and Will knew he couldn't stay conscious for much longer.

"I love you too Hannibal, with as much comfort and fear as I can manage"

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